Writer urges students to appreciate their mothers

The last conversation I had with my mother happened on a long Tuesday night in the journalism lab. My colleagues know that I will often leave the room to talk to my mom, as she took priority over the stacks of stories awaiting grammatical correction. Sometimes I would come back into the room, pour myself a cup of coffee and share with them the wisdom or hilarity she sometimes decided to insert in our conversations.

This time, it started off with a little foreshadowing. My mom called me specifically to tell me that she had changed the life insurance policy for her and my father. I had become the candidate for legal guardianship of my 11-year-old brother.

The conversation progressed from there, where I easily took 20 minutes to tell my mom what a wonderful mother she had been to me all my life. My friends in school were jealous. She accepted me when I came out as a Democrat, though she was a registered and strict Republican. She accepted me as a vegetarian even though she had half a cow in her freezer and grew potatoes and lettuce. She accepted me as a gay without being a homosexual even though I was a registered and strict Republican. She accepted me as a vegetarian even though she had half a cow in her freezer and grew potatoes and lettuce.

The hardest thing about fall is the smell of fallen leaves and the weather. “The thing I love most about fall is the smell of fallen leaves and the weather.”

I told her I didn’t believe there was a God. I used to show my friends in my residence hall pictures of my gorgeous mom, tell them how she sent me care packages for no reason and cooked me vegetarian meals to entice me to come home more often. She was an extremely caring woman, but she thought I was the best known for her strength.

When I was in elementary school, my teacher told me I had ADD, that I was stupid, annoying and requested I be tested for every learning disability out there. After a call from the school, my mom had just gotten off of work as a heavy equipment operator at a coal mine. She came to the school immediately.

Covered in coal dust, she asked to talk to my teacher. He said he was too busy and had a meeting in five minutes. So my mother’s famous line was born. “That’s fine, this will take three and a half hours, and then I will come back and talk to you after the meeting.”

I am grateful for my last conversation with my mom. I am even more grateful for being dealt the hand I had, with the greatest mom anyone could ask for.

Young boys death inspires columnist to reflect

“Every day is a gift from God, but what you do with it is your gift back to him. Think about that when you wake up and start each day.”

I asked myself one question many folks have asked me before. Do I make the most out of every day? Honestly, I would be lying if I said “yes.” I, like many people, have taken many days in the past for granted. Looking back at them now, I regret it. There were too many memories that were created in my life back in (my reference) the “good ol’ days” that I over-looked because I couldn’t wait to grow up and do everything. I can’t go back and revisit those times because things are not what they use to be, nor are some of those people still alive.

Along with Rowdy’s tragic accident, there have been a couple other eye-openers that have really made me stop and look at my life and the people involved. You never know what could happen tomorrow or even next week.

One of my rodeo announcing buddies signs off at the end of each of his performances with this quote: “Every day is a gift from God, but what you do with it is your gift back to him.”

Think about that when you wake up and start each day. Hopefully the thoughts I have shared will make you realize how valuable your life is and that it could end at any given time, therefore, make the best of it every day.